

TITANIC FIGHTING ON WHOLE OF THE WESTERN FRONT

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

No. 3,853.

Registered at the G.P.O.
as a Newspaper.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1916

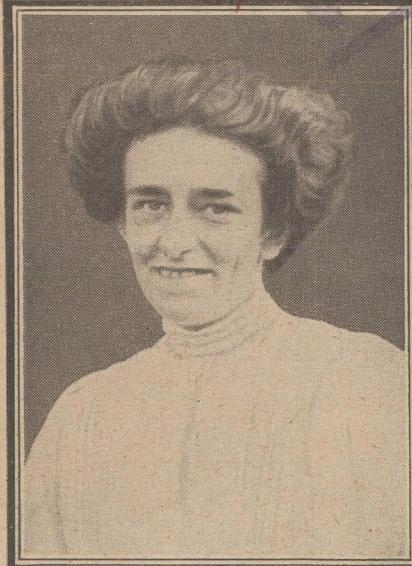
One Halfpenny.

WOMAN WHO COULD NOT SWIM LEAPS FROM SINKING LINER:
MOTHER AND HER TWO LITTLE SONS AMONG THE SAVED.

P 18675

P 18675

P 18675



Mrs. Gregory.



Mrs. Hill and Victor (left) and Dick.



Mrs. McLeod.

Mrs. Gregory, a resident of Lee Green, S.E., tells how she leapt into the sea from the sinking P. and O. liner *Maloja*, which struck a mine off Dover. With a friend she was knocked down by the force of the explosion, but they managed to crawl to the second saloon and procure lifebelts. Then, though they could not swim, they decided

to jump into the water, and were picked up fifteen minutes later. Mrs. Hill, the wife of an officer, and her two sons, Victor, aged four, and Dick, aged three, were saved. Mrs. McLeod, wife of Brigadier-General McLeod, is among those who have perished. —*Daily Mirror* and *Vinall*.

THE FINAL PLUNGE: STEAMER FOUNDERS AFTER STRIKING A MINE.



Neutral countries have had to pay their toll of ships during the war, as mines, like the Huns, are no respecters of flags. Holland and the Scandinavian countries have lost a good

many steamers, and these photographs show the last seen of a Dutch vessel which sank in the North Sea.

BANK OF ENGLAND'S BIG APPEAL.

Tribunal Adjourns Application For 199 Single Men.

A LONG-HAIRED CRANK.

After to-day there will be only one more day for voluntary attestation.

Reports from London districts and from all over the country show that close upon 65 per cent. of the single men unaccounted for when Lord Derby made his report have since become attested.

Sir Vezy Strong, at the City tribunal yesterday, made it quite clear that a postponement date from the day it is given, and not from the day on which a man is called up.

Bank's War Work.—The secretary of the Bank of England in a letter to the clerk of the City Tribunal yesterday asked for the total exemption of 199 unmarried attested men, and one unmarried unattested man.

The application was made on the ground that it was expedient in the national interest that the men should continue in the work in which they were habitually engaged.

Major Rothschild (military representative) said the whole staff of the Bank of England was a very difficult one, because they were undoubtedly doing war work.

It was quite obvious that it would be impossible to replace these men at a moment's notice. He would take up the matter with the military authorities, and in the meantime he would suggest that the tribunal should grant a three months' postponement straight away.

GREATER STRAIN.

The Chairman (Sir Vezy Strong): I do not think that would be of much advantage, unless for the express purpose of enabling them to make arrangements for the release of these young men at the end of that period.

It seems to me that to put in an application for 199 unmarried men for total exemption is so large an order that this tribunal will hesitate very much to grant such a wholesale application.

Mr. Dawes, a member of the tribunal, said there was no doubt that the existing staff of the Bank of England were subjected at the moment to a very great strain in connection with the various issues.

The chairman said that the Bank must on some future day bring up the evidence upon which the applications were based, and in the meantime no decision could be given.

Does Not Expect to Die.—A young man with hair over a foot long applied to the Wallace Tribunal for exemption on conscientious grounds.

He said he had been a member of the religious sect known as the Israelites (or Jesus) since May, 1915. He was opposed to taking the life of man, bird or beast, and grew his hair long according to the command in Leviticus. He believed that by keeping the Divine commandments he could preserve his body without physical death, and he did not believe in exposing it to unnecessary danger.

Asked by the military representative what he would do if the Germans won and came to this country, applicant said he should get protection "from a higher Tribunal." He had a conscientious objection to saving life as a member of the R.A.M.C.

The chairman said the tribunal were not satisfied that the applicant's views were genuinely held, and his application would be refused.

Applicant (dramatically): "I have been called here to warn you of the approaching end."

Lord Farquhar's Valet.—At the Westminster Tribunal Lord Farquhar asked that his valet should be back from Group 19 to 29.

He said that he could not have applied but for the fact that the law was unfit through lameness for military service.

Three footmen in his employ had all joined, and each had distinguished himself.

Six months' postponement was granted.

Objects to Being Defended.—At Hitchin Thomas Latchmore, a member of the Society of Friends, said he had a conscientious objection to all forms of service.

Mr. T. E. Brooks: Do you object to other people defending you?—I do very much.

"Do you? I am surprised!"

The tribunal released him from combatant service only.

There were three conscientious objectors at East Ham.

Addressing one of the applicants, Colonel Cobbold said: "I suppose we buy bread, sugar and tea? You know that they are brought here by the armed forces of the Crown."

The Mayor: Do you think that it is the will of God that you should stop here in this country and live on the food imported mainly by many of your fellows shedding their blood on the battlefield of Europe?

Applicant: They don't do it on my behalf, but for the nation.

The applicant was exempted from combatant service only.

Look out for our great new serial,

"Rosalie," which begins next Monday.

HIS HOUSEKEEPER.

Man Complains of Friend's "Virtuous Role" and Claims Damages.

WHEN 19 MET 48.

An unusual charge came before Mr. Justice Avery and a common jury in the King's Bench Division yesterday.

Mr. George Taylor, carrying on a motor business in Oxford-street, W., residing at Watford, Herts, sued Mr. Reginald G. James, proprietor of the Great Western Hotel, Swindon, now holding a commission in the R.A.M.C., for damages for "unlawfully inducing plaintiff's employee, Louisa Kathleen Wood, to leave his employment and cause him damage."

Mr. Taylor said: The plaintiff, who is separated from his wife, stated that Mr. Taylor employed Louisa Kathleen Wood to assist him in his business and to act as his defence when a demand was made.

In July, 1913, through a motor transaction, plaintiff *178696* became friendly with the defendant, *178696*.



MISS WOODS.



MR. G. TAYLOR.

and the latter discovered that Miss Woods was known as Mrs. Taylor.

By adopting a virtuous and paternal role, said counsel, he represented to Miss Woods that she ought to leave the plaintiff, and it was alleged he offered her a position as manageress of an hotel at East Grinstead.

He gave her money, but when on March 4 she got to East Grinstead, she found there was no situation for her, and she went to rooms that the defendant had taken.

As the result of the girl being taken away plaintiff had had to give up his business. He had forgiven the girl and taken her back.

Mr. Taylor went into the witness-box and, in cross-examination, said he met Miss Wood when she was barmaid in Holborn. She was nineteen years old, and he was forty-eight at the time.

The hearing was adjourned.

SOLDIERS' RENT DAYS.

Increasing Support for Sir Alfred Mond's Moratorium Scheme.

Should a moratorium against rent and other liabilities be given to married men who have attested under the Derby scheme?

A question on this subject will this afternoon be addressed to the Prime Minister by Mr. Walter Roch.

Indications in political quarters yesterday indicated a strong determination amongst a large number of M.P.s to support Sir Alfred Mond's Moratorium Bill.

Many attested married men feel that unless they are granted legislative relief a grave injustice will be inflicted upon them and their families.

When Sir Alfred Mond, M.P., returned to town yesterday after his visit to the front he was overwhelmed with an accumulation of correspondence urging him to go ahead.

WANTED, 1,000 CATS.

"Please send me a thousand cats to eat up some of the rats. Cats are scarce here. Hard luck!"

Letters write an artillery officer with the forces in Flanders, says the Central News, in a heavy description of a dug-out.

"Were it possible I could send you all manner of articles from the ruined houses. But we can only collect them after dark, as to be seen by the enemy going into a ruined house (they are all ruined), by the way would mean instant shelling, and that immediate vicinity would be strafed for an hour."

HUNS' SUBMARINE PLANS.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 28.—Count Bernstorff, the German Ambassador, conferred with Mr. Lansing to-day and left a memorandum with the Secretary.

Immediately afterwards Dr. Zwiedinek, the Austrian Charge d'Affaires, called and communicated the fact that Austria's position was similar to Germany's.

Mr. Lansing refused to comment on the Note, in which, it is understood, Germany states that she can conceive of no reason for changing or postponing the new instructions to sink armed merchant ships without warning.—Reuter.

NEW PRICE OF SUGAR.

The new order giving permission to increase the price of sugar will, it was officially announced yesterday, permit retailers to sell granulated sugar at 4d. per lb. and lump sugar at 3d. The increases are due to the shortage of supplies.

SWEET 17 AGED 72.

Leap Year Creates Fewer Birthdays for Those Born on February 29.

ONE DAY WITHOUT RENT.

Many charming old ladies of seventy-two and many active old veterans of the same age celebrate their seventeenth birthday to-day.

For this is leap year day, February 29, and for any leap year day baby to come of age today, or to celebrate the twenty-first anniversary of his birth, he has been born in the reign of good King George IV, in 1828.

It was a celebrated a few years ago by a census that about 20,000 people in this country were born on a leap year day.

In the pierage the heir to the dukedom of Abercorn, the Marquis of Hamilton, who was born on February 29, 1904, has to-day his second birthday.

Leap year days are included in the calendar to endeavour to make the sidereal year—the actual space of time taken by the earth to make one complete revolution round the sun—coincide with the civil year of 365 days.

Actually the year is longer than 365 days by 6h. 9m. 9.8s., so that in every ordinary year we are getting a quarter of a day behind the sun.

Consequently every fourth year we pick up one day by adding an extra day.

A man paid wages by the calendar month gives an extra day's work for nothing this year.

On the other hand, he will enjoy a day rent free in his house, a day's use of his clubs for nothing and if he holds a quarterly season ticket a day's railway travelling at the company's expense.

But the country, engaged in a war costing £50,000,000 a day, will find this leap year an expensive luxury!

Leap year day, of course, by tradition confers upon women the right to propose marriage.

"THE HIGH KICK?"

Slander Suit Witness's Version of Incidents at a Dinner Party at Hotel.

The outcome of a visit paid by four officers and two women friends to the Frensham Pond Hotel, near Farnham, last July, was the subject of a slander action before Mr. Justice Ridley and a special jury yesterday.

The plaintiff is Mrs. May Clare Bridges, the proprietress of the hotel.

The outcome of the allegations made in the case is that Mrs. Bridges's son, who is an officer in the Army, was called a "pup of a sub" by one of the visiting party and that Captain Andrew



Mrs. BRIDGES.



Captain MACNEILL.

MacNeill, of New Chapel, Lingfield, the defendant, spent the night at the hotel as an undesirable house guest.

Mr. Gordon Hewitt, K.C., for Mrs. Bridges, said that on July 29 last Captain MacNeill came in motor-cars, with Mrs. MacNeill, Major Peininger, Captain and Mrs. Blackall and Mr. Eardley Wilmot. They had previously written engaging rooms for the week-end.

They were a merry party, said counsel, and ordered for dinner a quantity of oysters.

When eleven o'clock, the time when lights must be put out, arrived, Mr. Raymond Adams, Mrs. Bridges's son by her first husband, proceeded to put out one of the lights which was in the porch.

It was then, said counsel, that he was called a "pup of a sub."

After a short altercation that followed, Mrs. Bridges asked the visitors to arrange to leave the next morning, and they relented that they would leave that very night.

Mrs. Kitty Aston, wife of Lieutenant Aston, of Manor House, Frensham, who was in the hotel, said she saw one of the ladies chasing one of the men and throwing things at him. One of the ladies had the high kick in the drive in front of the house.

The hearing was adjourned.

WOMAN LITIGANT'S PROTEST.

A remarkable scene was created in the Court of Appeal yesterday by Miss Cormack.

Lords Justices Swinfen Lacy and Bancks were dealing with an appeal by Miss Cormack against the finding of the court of session, which had

"Pardon me; I have an ex parte motion" waving a bundle of papers. "I demand to have my case against the Government placed on the list to be heard."

"You are trying what the official people call to 'diddle' me. But you can't 'diddle' me," snapped Miss Cormack.

The other minded Miss Cormack a piece of tape for her papers. She flung it on the K.O.'s bench, exclaiming: "You don't tie up my papers with that old stuff," and left the court.

Read "Stories About the Rumanian Soldier," by Mrs. Herbert Vivian, on page 5.

155 MISSING FROM MINED MALOJA.

Rescue of Smiling Baby Found Floating in Sea.

301 SURVIVORS AS YET.

Among the survivors of the Maloja, largest of P. and O. mail liners, which struck a mine and sank off Dover on Sunday, is a baby. The little one, warmly wrapped up, was found by a patrol boat floating in the sea on its back. When taken on board it was smiling. The baby was taken down into the engine room and wrapped in dry clothing. It does not appear to have suffered in the least. It is believed that the mother of the infant was afterwards rescued.

The P. and O. Company last night issued the following:

Saved.	Missing.	Total.
Passengers 72	49	121
European crew... 92	20	112
Native crew 137	86	223
		301
		155
		456

A Dover message states that 178 of the crew and passengers of the Dutch mail steamer Meekberg (Zeeland Line), which was sunk by a mine yesterday, were landed at Deal yesterday. Amsterdam reported yesterday that the Flushing mail service to England had been temporarily stopped.

HAULED ON BOARD BY ROPES.

(From Our Own Correspondent)

DOVER, Feb. 28.—Pathetic scenes have been witnessed to-day in connection with the identification of the bodies of the 155 persons missing in the Maloja disaster, four more of whom were washed ashore to-day, making in all forty-eight. These are all in Dover Market Hall, the temporary mortuary.

The loss of life appears to be seventy or even higher.

I learn that one of the reasons accounting for the rapid sinking of the liner was that the doors of watertight compartments became jammed as a result of the damage caused by the explosion, and it was therefore impossible to close certain compartments.

The first vessels which arrived to the assistance of the sinking liner were the Dover tugs Lady Brassey and Lady Crundall.

RESCUES FROM THE SEA.

I had an interview to-day with members of the Lady Crundall's crew, who stated that when the explosion took place the Maloja was one and a half miles off the shore, and about the same distance westward of Dover.

"All possible steam," he said, "was crowded on to the tug, which raced to the liner's aid."

"There were then many people swimming in the sea and the tug was in the midst of the people. She launched two boats, which rescued two right away."

"These were all picked up from the sea and included two women, the captain and one or two others of the ship's officers, two stewards and an apprentice.

"The apprentice was on the bridge with the captain when the ship was blown up, and the captain and he, together with most of the others we picked up, had saved themselves by slipping off the side of the liner into the sea just as she was capsizing."

"The people were hauled from the sea into the small boat, and the boat was then made fast to the tug, and we hauled them aboard by ropes, as they were too benumbed and exhausted to climb up our sides."

HOW THE CREW OF THE SAPPHO DIED

One of the three survivors of the crew of the Wilson liner Sappho, which, while on a voyage to Archangel in December, was caught in the ice, arrived at Newport, Mon., yesterday and was admitted to hospital.

It appears that when the ship became fast the crew left her and attempted to reach land, but the majority of them failed in their attempt.

The survivor landed yesterday is suffering terribly from the effects of frostbite.

PEACE MEETING BROKEN UP.

There was the customary uproar at the Friends' Meeting House, Bishopsgate, yesterday.

Mrs. Rosa Hobhouse was announced to speak, but the platform was occupied by a number of people antagonistic to the society's principles.

There was considerable uproar, and the chairman was not allowed to speak for some time.

An appeal for forbearance was made, but during the time the meeting was to have been held considerable disorder and noise prevailed.

HINT TO SHOPKEEPERS.

In announcing that local shopkeepers have agreed to the proposal for earlier shopping, the Mayor of Lambeth remarks that in these days, when all must be economical, it is not advisable even to waste the health of shop assistants by making them stay longer than is necessary behind the counter.

ROME, Feb. 27.—The hospital ship Mare Chiaro has been sunk near San Giovanni di Medua as the result of striking an Austrian mine. There are numerous victims.—Exchange.

BATTLE BLAZE OF VERDUN SPREADING ALONG THE WESTERN FRONT

Sudden Blow by the Foe
in Champagne.

GUNFIRE IN BELGIUM.

Unshaken French Beat Back
Furious Attacks at Verdun.

DOUAUMONT ENCIRCLED.

CHAMPAGNE FIGHTING.

The fighting is rapidly spreading along the western front, and soon the whole of that great line may be ablaze.

Paris yesterday reported that the Germans in Champagne, by a surprise blow, penetrated some elements of the advanced line and supporting trench in the region of Navarin Farm.

STRUGGLE FOR VERDUN.

With regard to the Verdun battle, still raging furiously, the French report intense shelling. The Germans made fierce but vain attempts to seize Douaumont village. Our Ally's gallant troops were unshaken by these furious onsets. The Fort de Douaumont is closely encircled by French troops.

Berlin alleges that the French position on both sides of Navarin for a distance of about a mile was captured.

The Germans claim pushing their line forward in the direction of Vacheriville and Bras.

TREND TITANIC STRUGGLES.

"Our heroic troops fought with absolute frenzy and remained masters of the field," is a striking passage from a description of the great Verdun battle given by M. Briand, the French Premier. The Germans, he says, were thrice driven from the Douaumont position, and finally they abandoned it, together with Neuville and the Poivre Hill.

GERMANS' SURPRISE BLOW IN CHAMPAGNE.

French Troops Closely Encircle the Fort of Douaumont.

(FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, Feb. 28.—The following official communiqué was issued this afternoon:

In Belgium our batteries have bombarded the German strongholds in front of Steenstraete.

In Champagne, in the vicinity of Navarin Fort (north of Souain) the enemy has succeeded in penetrating by a coup de main, into some elements of our advanced line and of our supporting trench.

In the region to the north of Verdun the bombardment has continued with intensity, especially in the central sector and towards our right. There was a fresh attack on the Poivre Hill (Poivre Hill).

Yesterday, at the end of the day, the Germans attempted to capture the village of Douaumont. Their efforts were shattered by the resistance of our troops, which the most furious assaults were unable to shake. The situation is without change at Douaumont Fort, which remains closely encircled.

The fighting is less lively on the plateaux to the north of the village of Vaux.

In Woerre the enemy assumed last evening and in the course of the night a more active attitude.

The railway station at Eix, which was taken and retaken by the attacks and counter-attacks of the two adversaries, remains in our possession. All the attempts against Hill 255 south-east of Eix were powerless to dislodge us from it.

Further to the south a German attack against Manneville completely failed.

Our artillery is energetically meeting the enemy's bombardment on the front generally.

In the Vosges we have bombarded several enemy cantonments in the region of Bar le Sapt.—Exchange.

"WE HAVE THE MEN."

M. Georges Clemenceau, in the *Homme Enchainé*, says the Central News writes:

"We have the seas, we have the money, and we shall have all the men we need."

The decisive shock will come only when we set upon the principle that we must concentrate in order to operate effectively against the enemy front."



HUNS CLAIM TAKING MILE OF FRENCH POSITION.

"Navarin Village, in Champagne, and 1,035 Prisoners Taken."

(GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

FEB. 28.—German Main Headquarters reports this afternoon as follows:

Western Theatre of War.—The artillery fighting has assumed intense activity. On the front north of Arras continued lively mining activity is going on. By means of mine explosions we have destroyed about forty-four yards of the enemy positions.

In Champagne, after effective fire preparation, our troops attacked on both sides of the Somme-Py-Souain road. We captured the village of Navarin, and the French position on both sides of that place over a distance of over 1,600 metres (a mile).

We took twenty-six officers and 1,009 men, prisoners, and captured nine machine guns and one mine-thrower.

In the region of Verdun the new enemy troops which have been brought up have tired themselves out in making repeated attacks on our positions in and near the fort of Douaumont, but as near Hartmann.

We on our part have cleared the Meuse loop around Charny, Neuville of the enemy. We have pushed our lines forward in the direction of Vacheriville and Bras.

In the Woerre the foot of the Lorraine slopes has been reached at several points.

Eastern and Balkan Theatres of War.—Nothing to report.—Wireless Press.

FOE IN SEA OF FIRE.

PARIS, Feb. 29.—The *Frankfurter Zeitung*, in an article on the battle for Verdun, says: "During the past few days our troops have accomplished formidable tasks, for they undertook the most difficult operation of the war."

"Our regiments have had constantly to cross a sea of fire, and therefore our losses are considerable."—Central News.

FLAGS OUT IN BERLIN.

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 27.—Telegrams from Berlin state that great scenes of destruction were witnessed yesterday and to-day on the publication of the Verdun reports.

The Kaiser ordered his headquarters at Berlin to be flagged to celebrate the capture of Douaumont.

The German papers are unanimous in praising the bravery of the French troops, and express the belief that the German advance will be paid for at a higher price than has ever before been the case in war.—Exchange.

AWAITING GREAT ASSAULT

After reciting that forty-one trains loaded up with seriously wounded men had passed through Luxembourg on the way to Germany, the Vaz Diaz Agency, says a Central News Amsterdam message, states:

It is reported that in the region of Brabant-Meuse alone 5,200 Germans were killed.

Two new German divisions have passed through Metz on their way to the Verdun front, where they will be kept in reserve until a great assault begins on the Verdun forts.

CRUMBLING AWAY.

The French daily review of events, in criticizing caustically the news sent out by the German wireless stations, says Reuter, states:

According to the correspondents at the front, those who are reported by the Trans-Ocean Agency, the German attacks cost the assaulting troops no little difficulty.

In the circumstances one can only ask why an assault upon a front of twenty-five miles is crumbling away to-day into local actions, and why in particular the 300,000 men who were brought into the battle line by the German General Staff, and had such little difficulty in advancing, have not yet succeeded in entering Verdun.—Central News.

FOE DRIVEN THRICE FROM DOUAUMONT.

M. Briand Describes Heroic Frenzy of French Troops.

HOW GERMANS GAVE WAY.

PARIS, Feb. 27.—The parliamentary correspondent of the *Figaro* writes the following account of a description which M. Briand, the Prime Minister, gave in the lobby of the Chamber yesterday of the French counter-attack at Douaumont. He said:

The enemy had advanced as far as Champ Neuville, which he had captured, and Douaumont, the fort of which he had occupied.

However, in the afternoon, at the very moment when the Germans thought they had obtained possession of this formidable position at the cost of an enormous sacrifice of men, a violent counter-attack was made by one of our army corps which had been in reserve.

BETWEEN CURTAINS OF FIRE.

The Germans were caught between frightful curtains of fire and swept by machine guns on all sides.

They were rushed by our divisions, which were quite fresh, and whose sudden appearance on the battlefield took them by surprise. The German sites were captured.

The fighting assumed titanic proportions. Three times the Germans gained possession of their objective and three times they were driven out.

Our heroic troops fought with absolute frenzy. Our artillery, heavy and light, ploughed bloody furrows in the enemy's close ranks.

EXHAUSTED AND BROKEN.

At last, exhausted, mown down, their lines once again thinning more and more, and their attack broken, the German armies gave way in their turn.

Our furious counter-offensive had taken them unawares.

They abandoned Champ Neuville, the Poivre Hill and the Douaumont position. We had resumed the advantage and established ourselves in formidable positions.

Our heroic soldiers remained masters of the field.—Reuter.

800,000 ATTACKING.

PARIS, Feb. 27 (delayed).—The *Matin*, commenting on the German offensive against Verdun, remarks:

The capture of Fort Douaumont was announced by the Germans yesterday by wireless in all the languages of the world.

They represented the capture of the position as the first palpable result of their formidable offensive.

In a few hours our troops turned this bluster of success into a defeat.

Furthermore, it is merely an episode in the give-and-take of an immense battle.

BEARING COLOSSAL WEIGHT.

M. Marcel Hulin writes in the *Echo de Paris*:

One must not imagine that the enemy is going to slacken his efforts. The battle will be fought out with vicissitudes.

But if we succeed by means of a wall of troops, ready for every sacrifice, in stemming the tide for two days, more of the most colossal weight will even driven against our positions; then the tide will turn definitely in our favour, for the violence of the enemy's attack will have been spent.

According to the latest calculations, we are dealing with an offensive in which nearly 800,000 Germans are launched against the French front.—Reuter.

PARIS, Feb. 28.—M. Noyel deputy for Verdun, in the course of an interview which appears in the *Petit Journal*, declared that the situation at Verdun was serious, but said by reason of the continued attacks at various points of the northern sector, where the French have found it necessary to fall back on stronger positions, but the withdrawal ordered by the high command is purely strategic.

This is particularly so in the Woerre, where the condition of the ground, owing to the heavy snows, is such that it is almost impossible to move.—Central News.

DURAZZO EVACUATED.

ROME, Feb. 28.—Not a single Italian gun has been left behind in the evacuation of Durazzo, but all the old Turkish guns were abandoned and destroyed.

Vagrant bands of Albanians have pillaged the town. Baron Schenk, the German agent in Athens, has suddenly, and without notice, stopped all German subsidising of the Greek Press.

The Russian troops from Erzerum and Ispit have arrived in sight of Trebisond, the attack on which is now imminent.—Wireless Press.

"Rosalie." This is the title of a fine new serial which begins next Monday.

HOSPITAL SHIP SUNK.

ROMA, Feb. 27.—The hospital ship Marc Chiaro has been sunk near San Giovanni de Medua as the result of striking an Austrian mine. There are numerous victims.—Exchange.

PRIEST'S CROSS.



A French priest who is acting as a chaplain at the front. It will be noticed that he is wearing the Croix de Guerre, which was awarded to him for devotion to duty.

SERGEANT'S FEAT.



Sergeant Parker, who when his officer fell held a trench for three hours with only two men.

FOUND AT THE FRONT.



"Love from Ronnie." "Yours ever, Fay."

FOR LIFE-SAVING.



Mr. Ben Jacobs, a veteran lifeboat coxswain, awarded a silver medal for rescuing eight of the crew of the Norwegian barque Souvenir off the Isle of Wight.

STAGG & MANTLE LTD.



REMARKABLE VALUE.

All Wool Navy Coating Serge Coats, cut on the latest lines with full-swing back and convertible collar, half-lined polonaise. Also Black Serge and smart shades of Cover Coatings, Fawns and Drabs (unlined) PRICE 29/11
Worth 50/-

Leicester Sq., LONDON, W.

TELEPHONE RECORD: A CONVERSATION ACROSS 4,000 MILES OF WIRE.



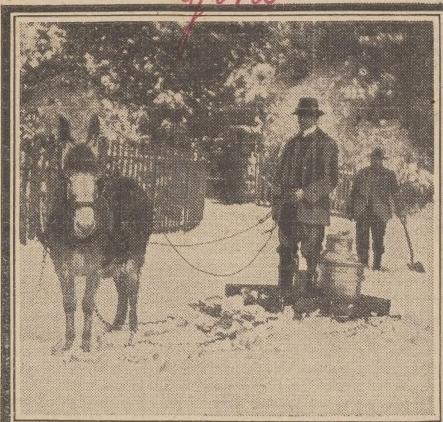
A telephone record was made when direct communication was established between Montreal and Vancouver, a distance of 4,297 miles. The photograph, taken at the former city, shows a gathering of business men listening to the conversation which Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor held with Vancouver. The voices could be heard distinctly at both ends.

A RUSH FOR THE CRUMBS.



Taking compassion on the hungry birds in the Champs Elysees. Paris has experienced a very heavy snowfall, the ground being covered to a depth of several inches.

A RESOURCEFUL MILKMAN.



Despite the heavy snow, this Sussex milkman was as punctual on his round as ever, and in no household was the breakfast delayed.

Why not have a Made-to-Measure Costume?

TAILOR-MADE COSTUMES
on Easy Terms
from 42/-
TO MEASURE.



Supplied on First Payment of 6/- Balance 6/- Monthly.

Fashionable and Serviceable Materials, West End cut, and superior workmanship & finish.

Call at any of our Establishments for Free Patterns and a Fashion Booklet, or write, and they will be sent free by return of post.

2/- in the £ discount if you pay cash.

BENSON'S, Ltd.

Established 1905.
149, STRAND, W.C. (opp. Gailey's).
101, EDGWATER ROAD, N.W. (near Marble Arch).
84, CHICAGO AV., C. (near Piccadilly Circus).
152, FENCHURCH ST., E.C. (opp. Road Lane).
286, GOLDHAWK RD., E. (opp. Bow Bells).
71, 73, 75, CAMDEN RD., CAMDEN TOWN, N.W.

SWIVEL CHEESE

Delicious and appetising; of a delicate creamy consistency, with a mild cheddar flavour.

NO ADVANCE IN PRICE.
6d. each. From Grocers and Dairymen.

Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1916.

WHAT WILL YOU JOIN?

"WHAT are you going to join?"

Group 30—who once thought himself to be at an inaccessible distance from the fighting line—put the question yesterday to Group 17, who doesn't seem to know whether he's "really called up or not"—anyhow, says he's heard nothing, declares intention, therefore, of waiting and seeing.

"I shall wait," he replied, "till I'm told."

Group 30, perhaps because he thinks he's got much longer to decide (he doesn't know the War Office) or perhaps because he's more like a Britisher who wants to do what he wants and not what he's told to do—Group 30, we say, regards this passivity with contempt.

He's going to join something he likes the look of—something he's heard about.

He began by vaguely thinking of something Naval, which thought he expressed thus: "Not exactly the Navy, don't you know—I'm no sailor—but Naval Reserve or whatever they call it. It's nicer than the Army."

"But yours isn't a naval armlet?"

"Well, then, the Flying Corps."

For both of these he was refused, however.

Soon he told us that he'd fallen back on a known North-country regiment, because he's from that part himself.

Then he wobbled away, having been persuaded by a friend that it is a great thing "in war time"—but why in war time any more than any other time?—to mix amongst entirely unaccustomed surroundings and people. Whereupon, something Welsh suggested itself, but when he found that only the officers wore those fascinating black tabs, he said "no" again. Absurd fellow! Obviously those tabs had biased his judgment. And he's been reading Borrow lately. His ignorance of these things is immense. He will probably be just beginning to know about it when the war's over.

However, much hurried research has convinced him that all depends on a man's own choice. That is why he despises Group 17 and presses him to wait no longer.

Group 17, with his deplorable wait and see policy, has no regimental convictions.

After much pressure, however, he consented to define his preferences in a negative manner. He remarked: "I will join anything but a draughty regiment with knees exposed. I will not wear a kilt."

You see he is no Scot. But he waits on. He does nothing. And it would be quite like Fate to provide him finally with a kilt. If Fate should play that trick upon him, you may expect to hear before the Tribunal of a certain London suburb the conscientious objection of a man without a leg—in the Mereditarian phrase—that is, without a *presentable* leg—against draughts, against knees: in one word, against kilts. "Conscientious objection to kilts."

W. M.

TIME AND YOUTH.

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth, Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year! My hair is grey, my spring no bud or blossom sheweth. Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth That I to manhood am arrived so near; And inward ripeness marks me least appear. True, some may think me yet a boy aparte enduth. Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,

It shall be still in strictest measure even To that same lot, however mean or high, Town or which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven,

All is, if I have grace to use it so.

As ever in my great Task-Master's eye.

MILTON.

STORIES ABOUT THE RUMANIAN SOLDIER

HIS VALUE AS A FIGHTER AND AS A MAN.

By Mrs. HERBERT VIVIAN.

RUMANIA is the Sphinx, the Dark Horse of the day. Ever since the autumn of 1914 her attitude has puzzled and intrigued us.

It seems almost incredible to anyone who knows the country, with its intensely French sympathies and the French education of the well-to-do, that she could, even allowing for old grievances against Russia, take sides against her friends, and with Hungary, the oppressor of Rumania Irredenta.

One thing is certain—whichever side she joins will get an ally worth having.

Like the Turk, the Rumanian is a born soldier and a hereditary fighter. He glories in his descent from the Dacian legions which the

Greeks. He fights to defend his country, not to snatch a province.

The army is at present particularly efficient. The King Carol I has a highly trained and devoted army, owing to the creation of a small, thoroughly disciplined force. The forts of Bukarest were designed by Brialmont, who considered them better than those of Antwerp. It is necessary that Bukarest should be adequately defended, since it is only thirty miles from the frontier.

The Rumanian soldier begins his training at an early age, and the seven years in schools children have to learn military exercises, which they execute with great precision, wearing a regular uniform and armed with a little gun.

POET AND DREAMER.

Directly a peasant comes of age his first duty is to draw lots.

As male he goes with a heavy heart, for the restrictions of barracks life and the discipline that a German private finds so easy are repugnant to his easy-going nature. If he is chosen he usually weeps bitterly and his family make no pretence of hiding their feelings, they shed

PROBLEMS FOR PARENTS.

HINTS AS TO DISCIPLINE FOR SPOILT CHILDREN.

A LITTLE FIRMNESS.

RESPECTING the "Modern Children" discussion, I ask:—

Should a child not be obedient?

Should it not show respect to elders?

Should it not learn discipline?

Should it not be well-behaved?

The answer of every sane person is bound to be "Yes" to these questions. And if moral persuasion fails, which it often does, what other means than by some form of punishment, corporal or otherwise, can a child be made to conform to a parent's wishes?

The last-known methods of the perverted sentimentalists only serve to pervert children themselves.

My experience is that what lovelessness there is in a child shows only, as a rule, when its disposition is moulded by discipline, as well as by so-called kindness.

To pamper children, allowing them every whim and fancy, is surely the way to create them little autocrats in the home, only to develop into selfish and ungrateful men and women.

AMBROSE MATHER.

LET THEM DECIDE FOR THEMSELVES.

A LITTLE girl I know, who at about nine years of age was a weekly boarder at a school, being told that it was inconvenient to send her back on Monday morning, when she must go on Sunday, was, of course, dreadfully upset, not only at returning to school earlier, but because to a sensitive child anything out of the ordinary is terrible (so many people fail to recognise this), and she thought it was nothingness.

However, the mother explained the difficulties, but left the matter for the child to decide, with the result that she went off happily and contentedly (knowing that she had done right) on the Sunday.

I maintain that this child made a great advance in her character development that no forcing, punishing or cajoling would have done.

M. D.

IN MY GARDEN.

FEB. 22.—Early next month, during favourable weather, the beautiful flag irises may be planted. These have been termed the "orchards of the flower garden, and certainly few, if any, greenhouse blossoms are lovelier.

It is a pity that the common blue flag is the only sort usually seen in gardens; there are dozens of exquisite large-flowered forms of irises (mauve, white, yellow, purple and bronze in countless shades of colour) that are just as easy to grow.

Let these be planted in sunny and fairly dry positions. The charming orange-red iris, which only attains a height of about nine inches, looks pretty when used as edgings or when massed on the rockery.

E. F. T.

HOW DADDY GIVES THE SHOW AWAY.



What is good for the young is not always liked by grown-ups—a fact discovered by Bob in the manner here revealed.—(By Mr. W. H. Haselden.)

Emperor Trajan left behind nearly 1800 years

ago. Foreigners may talk of Rumania, but to him it is Rumania and he is Rumanian.

For a century and a half the land of Rumania, previously the whole of this time was occupied by something after the fashion of a Stuart cavalier, cropped close like a Roundhead. The hair, by the way, is never thrown away, but buried care-

fully as if it were a child, usually under a tree.

The poor recruit is bewildered by all the new things he sees and hears, fresh from his far-off sentimental or plain. He is miserable, wondering why he is supposed to be collected in droves and to be in his place, and to be told to do something after the fashion of a Stuart cavalier,

Later in the Middle Ages every peasant was a soldier, ready to be called out when the country was attacked. Not only that, he provided his own equipment, food and training and cost his prince nothing.

The Rumanian soldier is a strange mixture of sentiment and aptitude, being educated by the army now only the other Balkan States and Greece, with their perpetual bickering, their constant efforts to conquer territory and their racial feuds. Although he is well known to be a dashing soldier and a plucky fighter,

for did not the Rumanian Army save the Russians at Plevna by their heroism and élan?

He does not enjoy fighting and rarely picks a quarrel with his neighbours. Hard things have

been said of him by people, who cannot grasp why he does not behave like a Bulgar or a

buckets of tears and weep over him as if he were already killed.

He is by instinct a poet and a dreamer, he loves a pastoral life and it hurts his feelings to be treated as a machine, to be collected in droves and to be in his place, and to be told to do something after the fashion of a Stuart cavalier,

cropped close like a Roundhead. The hair, by the way, is never thrown away, but buried care-

fully as if it were a child, usually under a tree.

The poor recruit is bewildered by all the new things he sees and hears, fresh from his far-off sentimental or plain. He is miserable, wondering why he is supposed to be collected in droves and to be in his place, and to be told to do something after the fashion of a Stuart cavalier,

Later, he returns with joy to his beloved wilds and forests, where every tree is his friend. For each one he has some poem or song. He loves the oak, which he calls his brother, the elm is his cousin, and the lime a very dear friend, but he has no opinion at all of the poplar, whom he

considers a conceited sort of person. In Rumania are many Jews and they avoid military service by every device they can think of.

All sorts of stories are told of their tricks. One pretended to be deaf and managed so well to deceive the doctor that he said at last: "The man is evidently stone-deaf, we have no use to us."

But a soldier who knew the cunning of the race whispered to a comrade: "Whose half-penny is this?"

"Mine, mine!" cried the Jew, rushing forward to seize it!

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Do not hope you are able to gain the victory in a day. It may take months, it may take years. Inch by inch, and step by step, the battle must be fought. Over and over again you will be worsted and give ground, but do not therefore yield. Resolve never to be driven back quite so far as you have advanced.—*W.H. Melville.*

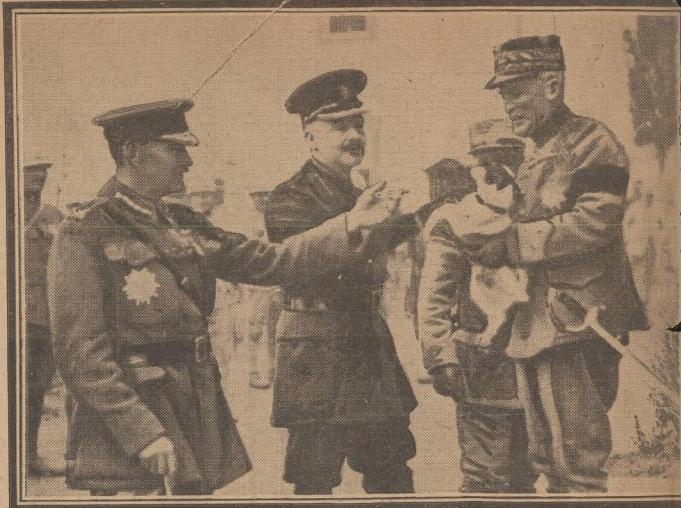
BRITISH DECORATIONS FOR HEROES OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

P 18152

P 18152



Lieutenant-General Sir Bryan Mahon decorating officers and men of the French Army for gallant deeds at Gallipoli, and General Bailloud introducing "an old friend" to General



Mahon and Lord Granard. The officers and men decorated received D.S.O.s, D.C.M.s and Military Crosses.—(Official photographs from Salonika.)

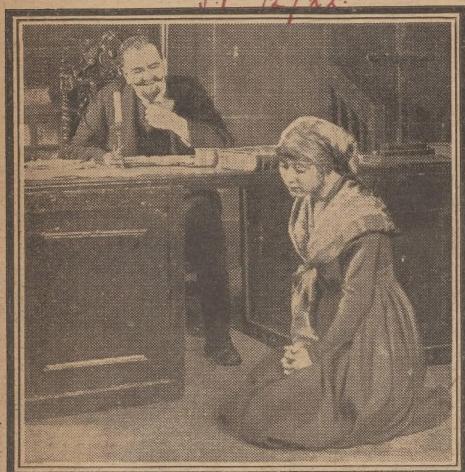
DRAMATIC MOMENTS IN "THE ARM OF THE LAW."

S.P. 12422

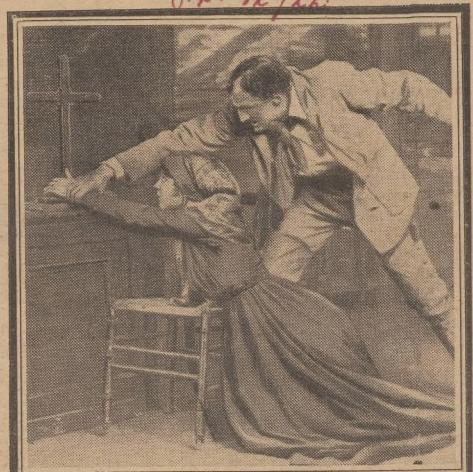


Mr. Arthur Bourchier, who gives a wonderful character study as the magistrate, and Mr. Jerrold Robertshaw as Pierre.

S.P. 12422



Yanetta confesses a youthful indiscretion.



Mr. Jerrold Robertshaw and Miss Kyrie Bellew.

Brieux's "third degree" play, "The Arm of the Law," was revived last night at His Majesty's Theatre by Mr. Arthur Bourchier. Miss Kyrie Bellew is Yanetta.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

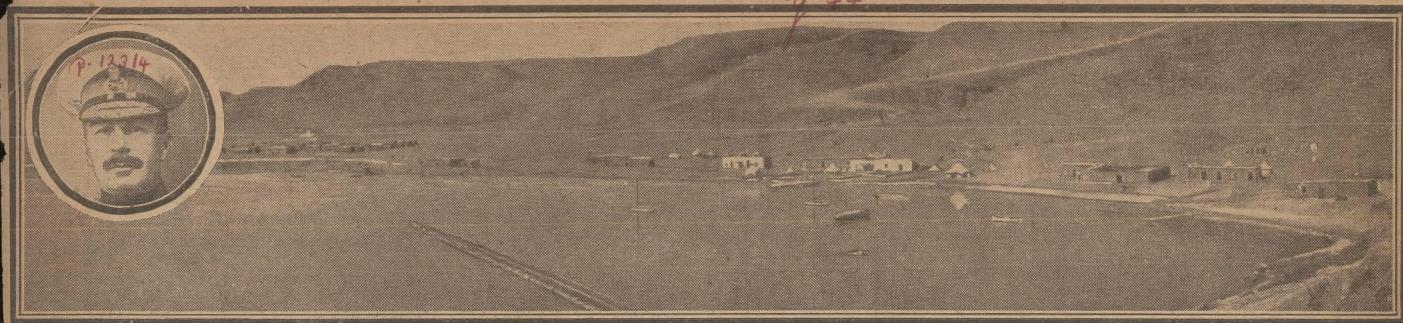
PRETTY REVUE DANCER.

P 17569



Miss Marjorie Dunbar, a delightful dancer, now appearing in "Follow the Crowd," the new revue at the Empire, wearing Early Victorian dress.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

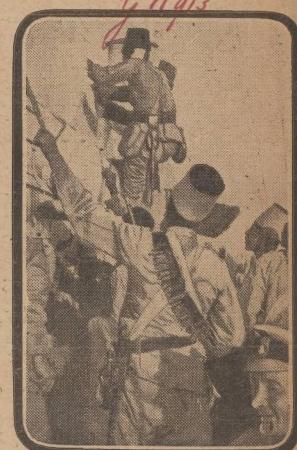
ENEMY ROUTED: FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS OF WEST EGYPT FIGHTING.



General view of the Bay of El Salloom, which is situated on the coast not far from Barrani. The portrait is of General Lukin, who led his men to victory.



British steamer torpedoed by a U boat at El Salloom to impress the Senussi, who were asked by the Huns to witness the sinking from the hills in the background.



Egyptian troops boarding a steamer.



Wireless car, showing the effect of the bad state of the roads.

Chief Petty Officer Johnston in rigging of sunken steamer.

Natives who wondered why the armoured cars moved so swiftly and silently.

General Lukin's column, consisting of South Africans, Yeomanry and Territorial artillery, has won a victory in Egypt. The War Office states that the enemy were attacked at Agagia, south-east of Barrani, which is near the coast, and completely routed. According to the

latest message, they were still being pursued by our cavalry. The Senussi referred to are a warlike tribe, whose worldly belongings consist of camels, sheep, goats, donkeys, tents, blankets and camping utensils. C.-P.-O. Johnston won the D.C.M. at Gallipoli.

AN UNUSUAL DRESS FOR A GAME OF FOOTBALL.



Members of the Japanese Imperial Court, dressed in ancient robes, playing football, an old pastime among the nobles. The Imperial Prince generally watches the game, which takes place at Tokio.

"I HAVE DONE MY BIT."

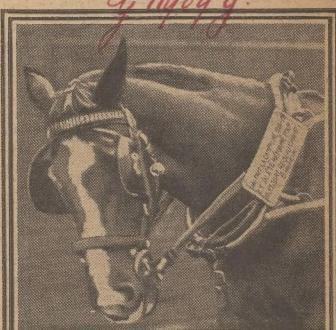


Plate attached to the collars of horses in Paris. The inscription states that the animal has seen service and been wounded.

LOVE ME FOR EVER

By META SIMMINS



Olive Chayne.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

OLIVE CHAYNE, a girl of unusual charm and looks, but with plenty of character.

RICHARD HEATHCOTE, a straightforward, rather rugged type of man, whose affections are sound.

RUPERT HEATHCOTE, his good-looking cousin, who lacks balance.

DICK'S ANSWER.

"PERHAPS you do me the honour to believe

that I am the thief!" Olive cried again. Before she had put the thought into so many words, when it was only a little barbed suspicion digging poisonously into his heart, Dick might have found it difficult to deny her challenge.

But not now, with the trembling tones of her voice in his ears, looking at the lovely face that was so dear to him, looking straight down into those steadfast eyes that mirrored the steadfast soul.

"My dear little girl—why do you say foolish things like that?" he asked. "Why, Olive, I had the most exalted opinion of your wisdom—and now I find you can be capable of all sorts of wrong-headed folly! Look here, don't let us spar about this time. Won't you tell me why you went to Firth-street last night?"

"How do you even know that I was at Firth-street?" she asked. "Oh, I'm not trying to deny that I was there," she added, hastily, reading acutely a look in Dick's eyes. "Only—"

"Olive, my dear—I happened to be at Firth-street myself, last night," Dick said.

Olive said nothing; a little frosty look seemed to settle over her face again. Dick almost seemed that her eyes were full of contempt, as though they cried out the accusation he had half dreaded to hear from her lips.

"You went there to spy on me. . . ."

Her silence added a hundredfold to the difficulty of the thing he must say to her. He felt himself change colour as though he were the culprit.

A fool of a maid showed me up into the drawing-room unannounced—I had no earthly idea that the Chaynes were out, and I waited on like an ass. Then you came."

"Why did you not speak to me—if you were certain that it was I who came?" Olive asked. Her voice was very hard.

"Well, because, honestly at first I was not altogether certain that it was you," Dick said slowly.

All at once he resolved to give her the benefit of the doubt that had come to him during those first moments in the dim room, when from behind the dividing curtain he had watched the singular movements of the woman at the cabinet—who was so like Olive—who was, by all natural inference, Olive.

"And are you certain now?" she asked.

"Well, after the first moment of uncertainty I must admit that my doubts evaporated. He said hesitatingly, "and then I did not speak to you, simply because it struck me that if you had wanted my presence at Firth-street you would have asked for it—and that you might possibly consider me in the way."

"Why?"

It was extraordinary to him how the tables were turned. It was she who was the inquisitor, looking at him with those cold, merciless eyes out of that white unsmiting face.

"Well, since you ask me, your movements whilst you were at the cabinet struck me as those of a woman not anxious to be disturbed. I thought that, quite possibly, you had gone to the house to get some things of your own—without any brother and all that sort of thing," he ended up lamely.

"Not to steal my stepmother's jewels?"

"Olive, don't use that word again," he said, sharply. "If you do not care to give me your confidence, I have no desire to force it. I simply give you your father's message—and add a little warning message of my own. The police are very unsympathetic. They can give an appearance of guilt to quite innocent actions, on occasions."

Once again that wave of colour swept over the white face. All at once Dick had a feeling as though he had been torturing her.

"Olive, give me your word that it was not

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

you who took Mrs. Chayne's jewels from the cabinet?" he said. "Just your word—and I shall know exactly how to act."

"I give you my word—I have taken nothing whatever belonging to Mrs. Chayne," Olive said distinctly.

It was true—the jewels were her own, Olive told herself, passionately. She looked at her husband with something that was almost hatred flickering in her eyes. He had been the cause of all her trouble, and it was the fault from the beginning. It seemed to her that moment of her misery, with every nerve strung to breaking-point, that this man had taken her life in his hands and rolled it in the dust.

Every sorrow—every humiliation that she had known, all—all, she had received at his hands.

"Now," she turned on him with an angry little gesture, "if you are fully satisfied—may I leave my rest out? There are people dining with us, do you remember? I must have rest before they come."

Dick began an apology, but she waved him away impatiently. He would have given the world for the right to take her in his arms and comfort and console her in this mood of raw nerves, as he knew it to be. But her eyes forbade him. He was conscious of her dislike, her dread, her contempt.

He went out of the room without another word, closing the door very gently behind him. Instantly he heard the grate of the key in the lock, as though the girl had sprung to the door, locking it against any possible return.

As he walked down the corridor to their sitting-room it seemed to Dick that all that had been between his wife and himself in those wretched days that had followed his return to England must be some beautiful and unsubstantial dream.

The shadow of Africa—black and sinister and cruel—Africa with its acid griefs and disillusionment and shame . . . that was the one reality.

Fear and apprehension gripped into his heart with their iron talons as he sat there thinking in the lonely hotel room.

THE NET TIGHTENS.

RICHARD HEATHCOTE was profoundly thankful that there were guests at dinner that night. Otherwise, he felt, it would not have been possible for him to sit through the meal tête-à-tête with Olive in the big gold and white dining-room of the Westminster with curious eyes all about them.

Bob Neville and his pretty, fluffy little wife relieved the tension—which neither of them were capable of suspecting. Dick had been very good friends with Neville in the days before he went to Africa—Olive had known him then too. Perhaps part of Dick's affection had been due to the fact that in Neville he had never dreaded a rival, as he did in other men, since he was the confidant of his friend's love for the charming girl who was now his wife.

He glanced at Olive across the charmingly-decorated table, where the pink-shaded candles cast delightful reflections on the face of the women. She was looking very well in her dress of some silvery-grey-coloured material and showed no trace of the scene she had passed through that afternoon.

It was only when, for a moment, she stood up for the National Anthem that he saw how pale she was—how much her good looks owed to the mercy of the candle-light.

Neville was an amusing talker, and the meal went merrily enough till, by some chance, the name of Africa was mentioned. Neville spoke of it. He, at any rate, had heard of it, and of whisperings which had so disinterested Mrs. Heathcote.

"A splendid chap," he said. "He was enormously fond of Rupert. He was the only man I have ever met to whom one felt one could deny nothing—no one could, I feel sure of that. He was the sort of man who was certain of getting everything that he wanted without the slightest trouble."

"And what was his gift brought him was a nameless grave in Africa," Olive said with a touch of hard bitterness in her level voice.

A moment of complete silence followed her words. The two men seemed to be struck dumb by them. It was Mrs. Neville who rushed into the breach, without, perhaps, observing that there was a breach.

"Cut you dead—oh, no," Olive said. She spoke easily enough, but Dick, watching her without the intention of doing so, saw the quick, decisive rise and fall of her breast.

"Indeed you did—didn't she? Bob?" the little lady appealed to her husband. "You had just come out of a shop and were extraordinarily anxious to get home again. You had a coat cut out intentionally," she added hastily, all at once perturbed under Olive's unsmiting stare.

"Yes, you are certainly destined to cast half a glance in our direction," Neville laughed. "But then, one is usually somewhat contemplative after a visit to a Wardour-street shop. Were you a buyer or a seller? My own experience is that I am more blessed to buy than to sell, so far as experience goes. My sole experience in selling is a frightful fiasco—I had some rather nice old-fashioned jewellery that had belonged to my mother, and as this young person—"he smiled across at his wife—"wouldn't look at anything Victorian setting, I thought I would try my luck with a man I knew there."

Dick's face was a mask of one word of his story. Dick's sole attention was absorbed by his wife. A grey look had come over Olive's face that even the candle-light could not wholly conceal. Her fingers crumbled the bread at the side of

her plate nervously and rolled it into little balls.

"I suggest that we have coffee in the Palm Room," Dick said, unaware that he had broken abruptly on a sentence of his guest. "The heat is intolerable in this place."

He stood up abruptly and Olive followed suit. Neville and his wife exchanged significant glances as they followed their host and hostess out of the restaurant.

Olive would have gone straight to her own room after the briefest good-night when the Nevilles had left them, but Dick detained her. "I want just a word with you, Olive," he said. "Why do you avoid me like this? Is your head still?"

"No; my headache is quite gone," she said dully. The pain gone, she lit a cigarette and were standing in the corridor outside the sitting-room door. He opened it and stood aside for her to pass in. Olive moved across to the fire and stood, holding one little gilt-shod foot to the flame.

"What have you got to say to me?" she asked, and the question was put not because she desired an answer, but to keep the offensive silence from her.

Dick took a couple of turns up and down the room, then paused before her.

"Nothing at all, Olive," he said, abruptly. "That's the truth. Nothing at all, but . . . I hope that you might have something to say to me. Olive—is there nothing that you want to say to me—nothing that it would help you . . . to say?"

His voice was very tender, his eyes were like a flame under the rugged brows. His love went out to her like an enveloping cloud . . . dimly Olive was aware of this. She fought against it.

She fought against the gentle, enveloping folds of it, as once before she had fought against a man's love—in the forest on her wedding night, when Rupert had told her he knew the truth, had pleaded with her to be false to Dick . . . to go away with him then . . .

"No—absolutely nothing," she said, in a harsh voice. "Why should you think there is? Are you always of the same string still—Mrs. Chayne's jewels—my diamonds—my necklace—where dare you accuse me of them?" Oh, but you do your eyes accuse me—your desire to entrap me into some confession! I have stolen nothing. How dare you criticise me . . . you, of all men! How dare your eyes condemn me! Turn your eyes inwards—into your own heart and conscience—isn't there plenty of food for them there?"

Her voice, that had risen stormily, ended in a sob. She leaned her arm on the mantel-shelf before her and rested her head against it, weeping with a bitterness that it gave Dick agony to witness.

Still he dared not touch her. He put out his hands, but let them fall to his sides. What did she mean by those words she had flung at him—what could she mean?

Olive's sobs of pain began; but as though the outer sound of his voice was hateful to him, she turned and ran swiftly from the room.

As he stood, half taken by surprise, he heard the key once again grate in the lock.

"Olive!" He took a few rapid steps across the corridor, all deserted at this hour, with lights that burned dimly and mysteriously. "Olive! Let me in. I must speak to you. Let me in."

He paused. As he knocked at the door he had heard again the anguished sobbing that he had seemed to hold the grief of all the weeping women who mourned throughout the world, but now as he paused there was silence.

He knocked again and called her name. No answer, no sound came to him. Silence had fallen about them like a veil.

After a few moments he turned back to the sitting-room. There were visitors at the table. Odd that he had not noticed them before. One letter addressed to Mr. Heathcote.

Dick took it up, stared at it, like a man who has seen a ghost.

For this writing on the envelope that he held was the writing of a dead man . . . the writing of his cousin, Rupert Heathcote.

There will be another fine instalment tomorrow.



Opportune Bargains in FURS at DERRY & TOMS KENSINGTON · LONDONW

Special Reductions for One Week only

In view of the recent cold snap and the fact that we have been successful in procuring a number of advanced styles for next season, comprising Fur Coats and Sets of the most luxurious character, we are making special price concessions for one week only.

Typical Coat Values

Superb 4-length PONY SKIN COATS in rich flat skins, beautifully marked, with dyed Skunk Collar. Lined with Silk. **Special Price £5 19 6**

Magnificent COAT in rich PONY-SKIN. The most sumptuous full shape for next season. 50 in. long, handsomely trimmed with Collar and Border of luxurious dyed Skunk and lined with rich fancy silk. **£7 17 6**

9 SEAL CONEY COATS, trimmed with Fox Fur. To be cleared at **£7 7 0**

Bargains in Muffs & Stoles

A number of large two-skin **BLACK FOX STOLES.** Fancy-shaped. **£6 Gns.** Specially Priced at **6 Gns.**

Magnificent wide **STOLES** in superb **MONGOLIAN.** 50 in. long by 12 ft. wide. **45/-**

Huge Pillow **MUFFS** to match, **45/-** 24 in. by 17 in.

Charming **WHITE FOXALINE TIRES** and **MUFFS.** each **21/9**

5 Superb COATS in NATURAL MUSQUASH. The Chic Collar and edging of the very full flare Skirt are of the rich Mongolian Goat. **12 Gns.**

Cadbury's

"ABSOLUTELY PURE,
THEREFORE BEST,
7½d. per ½-lb."

Cocoa

Dick's face was a mask of one word of his story. Dick's sole attention was absorbed by his wife. A grey look had come over Olive's face that even the candle-light could not wholly conceal. Her fingers crumbled the bread at the side of

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

The Government and Wage Increases.

The recent Government pronouncement against wage increases during the war has caused a good deal of perturbation, and I'm told that an important Labour deputation is to wait on Mr. Asquith to-morrow. From what I hear, I believe it will be found that there has been a misunderstanding about what the Government really meant, and I think the Premier will be able to clear things up satisfactorily.

The Secret Service.

Supplementary estimates, with which the House is to deal this week, are usually dry, unromantic things, but there is one item in the new list behind which there must be a world of romance and adventure. It is £50,000 for additional Secret Service expenditure. What tales the spenders of that £50,000 could tell!

No Chance for Charlotte.

I heard the other day of a characteristic remark by that witty M.P., Mr. Ellis Griffith. A certain lady was saying to him that the Cabinet's many muddles so maddened her that she sometimes contemplated becoming a second Charlotte Corday. "You must think of another plan," replied Mr. Griffith. "I don't think this Cabinet receives deputations in its baths." It was Charlotte Corday, of course, who murdered Marat in his bath.

Married Groups.

I hear that the question of the married groups and what is to be done with the unattached married men is soon to receive serious attention in Parliament. The two political groups which made their influence very strongly felt in the recent air debate are going to take the matter up, and I hear of a number of M.P.s who are determined to have the whole thing cleared up.

A "One-Word" Wire.

The following story is told me by a certain Belgian official, who vouches for its truth. After Liege the Kaiser realised he had lost the ten days' start he was trying to get over the French, so he wired King Albert that the latter had done all he could to protect his neutrality, that he should withdraw to Antwerp, and that, moreover, he (the Kaiser) would pass with or without King Albert's permission. King Albert just wired: "Try."

Lady Valets.

His Majesty has disposed of the services of one of his valets, releasing the man to do munition work. Many wealthy men are now doing without any valets in order to give these servants a chance of working for their country. The "lady" valet has been suggested in some quarters, but the majority of men are too conventional to accept so daring an innovation.

A Cold Douche.

There is a lady of my acquaintance who has the strange craze for finding out what famous people eat and drink. She has, for instance, learned that Hindenburg's staple drink is a mixture of champagne and stout, which Cecil Rhodes and Bismarck liked. There are a lot of others on the list. She wished to add Mr. Balfour, the First Lord, but I am afraid that she had rather a cold douche when she was told that lemon juice and soda was his favourite beverage.

Promotion.

The London County Council has long been regarded as the stepping-stone to the House of Commons, and Mr. Percy Harris, who will have the pleasure of an uncontested election shortly, will add to the list of councillors who have become M.P.s. In Spring Gardens Mr. Harris is usually to be found with Sir J. W. Benn and Mr. J. Gilbert.

Helping to Govern.

Whilst commoners on the London County Council aspire to the House of Commons, frequently members of the House of Lords are to be seen as councillors at Spring Gardens. At present we have on the London County Council Lords Cheylesmore, Greville, Hill and Peel, all of whom have seats in the Upper House.

Why Mr. Shaw Became an Author.

I hear that when Mr. Bernard Shaw was sitting to Mr. John Tussaud for his "figure" he remarked: "I became an author because I wanted to earn a good living without working, and now I know I was mistaken. Very enigmatic! What exactly did he mean?

The Fashion in Bridesmaids.

I may be mistaken, but I certainly think that the bridesmaids at Miss Arnott's wedding to Lord De Freyne yesterday wore bustles. What else could have made their violet frocks stand out as they did? Someone told me they were made of tulle, and I had an idea that was a stuff which clung gracefully to the wearer.

The Irish Bride.

Miss Victoria Arnott, who was given in marriage by her father, Sir John, was lucky enough to be able to wear the same orange blossoms and Honiton lace veil worn by her grandmother, Lady Williams of Tregullow, the lace being a deep parchment colour with age, and her train was silver lined. Lady Arnott, who welcomed the friends afterwards at Claridge's, wore velvet in wine shades.

Mrs. Fagan and "Please Help Emily."

I was chatting with Mrs. Fagan (otherwise Miss Elizabeth Kirby) the other day. She plays the part of the aunt in "Please Help Emily," you know. She was telling me of the piece's great success, and incidentally how much she enjoyed playing with Miss Gladys Cooper. "She is perfectly sweet to act with," were her exact words. I can well believe her.

Going.

I told you nearly a fortnight ago that Jack Johnson would soon have to leave these shores. Well, he leaves for South America on Friday.

Charles Chaplin, Composer.

Charlie Chaplin's "lates" is the publication of two songs of his own composition. One is called "Oh! That Cello" and the other "There's Always One You Can't Forget." It's certainly difficult to forget Charlie.

Milking the Moon.

I heard of two men who went to a recruiting office recently and said they wanted to join the Royal Flying Corps. The recruiting sergeant inquired their trade, and they replied, "Cowmen." "Well, we've not started to milk the moon yet," was the sergeant's comment.

In Bric-a-Brac.

They are still doing wonderful business at the Palace, where "Bric-a-Brac" is breaking all records. I looked in the other night and was delighted with the performance of Miss

R 18677



Miss Eileen Leslie.

Eileen Leslie in a classic dance. Mr. Arthur Playfair, with his robust personality, continues to lend strength and character to this always bright and witty show.

Spirit Rapping Parties.

I am informed that a new fashion for spirit rapping parties has sprung up among all classes. Especially in the West End they are very numerous. It is easy to understand that bereaved folk will snatch at any crumb of comfort.

A Misunderstanding.

One of the best stories of childish misunderstanding was related to me by an M.P. A certain little boy pricked up his ears at the mention of the name Harold. "Why, that's God's name!" he cried. "Hush, child! Whatever do you mean?" asked his mother. "Well, nurse tells me every night to say 'Harold be Thy name.'"

A Day of Concerts.

Princess Clementine of Belgium is expected this afternoon at Mrs. Carlyon Bellair's house in Wilton-place, when M. Eugene Sayse and M. Maurice Dambois will give a concert. It seems that I shall have a busy time this afternoon, for I shall, of course, look in at the Ritz to hear Miss Ellis Jeffreys and Miss Viola Tree, who are assisting in a tea-concert there for the "Miticie" Red Cross Hospital in Queen's Gate.

Chance for Convalescents.

Sir Arthur Pinero is anxious to find talented actors or singers among the convalescent soldiers in military hospitals, for he has written a burlesque melodrama to be produced at the Active Service Exhibition at Prince's Skating Club next month. Now then, ambitious "Hawtways" and "Alexanders," send in your names.

Reciting.

I hear that Lady Beatrix Wilkinson will relate Lady Muriel Herbert's recent experiences in Serbia at Spencer House, which has been lent by Earl Spencer, to-day to assist the

D 2370



Lady Beatrix Wilkinson.

War Emergency Fund of the Waifs and Strays Society. The Hon. Mrs. John Fortescue, Miss Violet Evelyn, Miss Phyllis Lett, Miss Carrie Tubb and M. R. Maurice d'Oisley have promised their help.

A Grand Concert.

Believe Lady Maid Warrender makes it a practice—and what an excellent one!—never to refuse to sing in the cause of charity or for wounded heroes.

She has promised to help at the grand concert for which the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress are lending the Egyptian Hall at the Mansion House to-day,

Will Return Soon.

Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson has finished her week's engagement at the Alhambra, but she tells me we shall in all probability see her again in London before very long. This week she goes to Scotland to see her children, and after that returns to work.

Guard!

Scene: A camp of the New Army. The guard on night patrol spotted a light in one of the huts. "Put out that glim!" he called gruffly. "Who's that?" came the drowsy answer. "Guard." "Well, wake me up at Cannon-street, guard!"

Tina and Twirls.

With additional numbers and new jokes, "Tina" now goes with a merrier swing than ever, and Mr. W. H. Berry scores the hit of the evening with his song, "Lum-Tiddly," which he sings in his own wonderful way. The dance in the last act by Oyra and Dorma Leigh has been placed later in the scene, but the clever pair are as fascinating as ever with their graceful twirls.

War Economies.

"Yes," remarked little Eric as he made a snowball on a liberal scale, "the war has not sent snow up, anyway."

Moustaches Unpopular.

For the moment the moustache is out of favour with the girl of the day. Perhaps this is because of the popularity of it among Germans and Austrians. In the Tube the other afternoon two flappers were discussing moustaches. Said one: "Oh, he'd be all right if he hadn't that horrible moustache. It's like an old toothbrush. Disgusting! I call moustaches."

An Unwilling Partner.

The frequenters of a popular West End restaurant had an unhearsed treat the other night. A New Zealander home from Anzac would insist on executing a weird Maori dance up and down the aisles between the diners. The foreign manager did his utmost to dissuade the soldierman. Then suddenly Monsieur was gripped round the waist, and was soon swaying up and down, the unwilling partner of the New Zealand dancer.

THE RAMBLER.

SEE IF THE CHILD'S TONGUE IS COATED.

Mother, Don't Hesitate! If your Child is Cross, Feverish, Constipated, give "California Syrup of Figs."

Look at your child's tongue, mother! If coated, it is a sure sign that the little one's stomach, liver and bowels need a gentle, thorough cleansing at once.



When peevish, cross, listless, pale, unable to sleep, doesn't eat or act naturally; or if it is feverish, with a disordered stomach and tainted breath, or has stomach-ache, sore throat, diarrhoea, or the "stuffiness" caused by a cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste-matter, undigested food and sour bile gently move out of its little bowels without griping, and you have a healthy, playful child again.

You needn't coax sick children to take this harmless "fruit laxative"; they love its delicious taste, and it always makes them feel splendid.

Ask your chemist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on the bottle. To be sure you get the genuine, ask to see that it is made by "California Fig Syrup Company." Refuse any other kind with contempt. All leading chemists sell "California Syrup of Figs," 1s. 3d. and 2s. per bottle.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

An Invaluable Remedy for
RHEUMATISM,
SCIATICA,
SORE THROAT,
SPRAINS,
NEURALGIA, &c.

Pain is a visitor to every home, and usually it comes quite unexpectedly. But you are prepared for every emergency if you keep just a small bottle of Sloan's Liniment handy. Sloan's Liniment is the greatest pain-killer ever discovered. Simply laid on the skin — no rubbing required—it drives the pain away instantly. It is really wonderful.

NO RUBBING REQUIRED.

Mr. W. Lewis, Malt House, New Marton, writes:—"Two years ago I suffered from Muscular Rheumatism in my back. I tried all sorts of remedies, but they gave no relief whatever. At last I thought of Sloan's Liniment, and one bottle made a complete cure at a small cost of 1/- I can say I can say there is nothing to equal it."

Sold by all chemists, 1/- and 2/-.

FREE SAMPLE

Send your name and address & three penny stamps for postage of trial bottle FREE. Wholesale Depot : 86, Clerkenwell Road, London.

DOCTOR SAYS AVOID DANGEROUS OPIATE SEDATIVES, BROMIDES, AND ALL OTHER HEART DEPRESSING DRUGS.

Insomnia, like headache, is always due to high blood pressure in the head. The brain remains too active, so too much blood rushes to the head, and the result is sleeplessness. The usual and warning procedure is to greatly depress the heart action with drugs so the high blood pressure and throbbing stops. That is the only way drugs can produce sleep and you should avoid all such temporary expedients. A few weeks ago, a patient complained that insomnia nearly drove her insane, and bromide caused drowsiness and palpitation. Then she was attacked by an acute rheumatism, and was advised simply taking a hot salutes bath at night just before retiring. This is prepared by dissolving in the water a tablespoonful of ordinary refined Rendel Bath Salutes, which any chemist can supply at slight cost. A half-pound is sufficient for even the worst cases. The Salutes bath soon stopped all her rheumatic pains, and permanently cured her insomnia too. The hot Salutes bath relaxes the surface blood vessels, thereby lessening high blood pressure and drawing excess of blood from the brain. Also it soothes the nerves, and by relieving all congestion quickly stops any discomfort or restlessness, so refreshing sleep always follows the moment you lie down. Next time you have insomnia, don't merely stop it with drastic heart depressants, habit-forming opiates or keeping patients awake at night, by following this advice. I may add that for immediately stopping bad foot troubles I know of nothing to equal a foot-bath in this salutes water, and also in cases of insomnia, if not too severe, simply a foot-bath will be sufficient.—C. N. H.

For sluggish, congested liver or chronic constipation, use Kalsel, the concentrated compound of natural curative spring salts. A sure cure for the "pill habit."—(Advt.)



GAMAGES SPECIAL BARGAINS FOR LADIES

Bargain No. DM 23.
The A.W.C. OVERALL.
Specialy designed for Munition workers.
Made in durable quality, fast colour
and washable. Made of cotton and
washable. In Navy and Butcher
with narrow white stripes; also plain
Butcher. Length 32in.
Our Price 4/6
Caps to match
6d each.
Post Free.

Bargain No. DM 24.
ARTIST & HOUSEWIFE'S Overall.
Made in durable quality, fast colour
and washable. Casement Cloth,
fastens in front. Made of cotton and
washable. Black
Gingham, Navy
Butcher, Tussore
Grey. Brown.
Length 32in.
Our Price 3/9
Post Free.

Bargain No. DM 22.
3/0 & 4/0 LADY
Merino Combi-
nations. Warm
and comfortable
High neck. Short
sleeves.
Our Price 3/4/
Per Pr. (5 prs. for 10/-)
Post Free.

Bargain No. DM 21.
1/1 & 1/2 LADY
lionsofter of
500 heavy
weight material
with
Under
Bodice
(Ladies).
Waist with
waist belt.
Wear
and
wash
well.
Our Price
Each
3 for 5/- Post Free.

HOBORN, LONDON, E.C.

The Champagne
at Band in a Restaurant.

WANTED LIVELY MUSIC.

Three charges against Temporary Captain G. E. S. Campbell, of the 11th (Service) Battalion Royal Sussex Regiment, were investigated by a court-martial presided over yesterday by Major-General Lord Cheylesmore, at the Middlesex Guildhall.

He was accused of having absented himself without leave from his duties at Ash Range, Aldershot, from 5 p.m. on January 17, of having committed acts prejudicial to good order and military discipline at Prince's Restaurant, Piccadilly, during dinner on January 17, when he was alleged to have gone to the band platform, struck notes on the piano, shouted to the band, "Cut it out!" and thrown a glass of champagne at the band. The remaining charge was of drunkenness.

Colonel Pilkington opening the case, said that an officer who was dining in the restaurant telephoned to the Provost-Marshal, and when the Assistant Provost-Marshal arrived the accused sobered down. He was taken to Great Scotland Yard, where doctors pronounced him drunk. Lieutenant-Colonel H. J. Grisewood also gave evidence. In cross-examination, Mr. Fulton asked a letter sent by the witness, General Brabazon, in which he spoke highly of the accused's zeal and enthusiasm and mentioned that the fact that Captain Campbell had spent many years in the tropics made it difficult for him to stand these arduous times and that he felt the strain very much.

The accused, giving evidence, said that occasionally officers not on duty used to go to London for a few days without leave. An officer had given the band 10/- to play some regimental music, and as they did not seem to do so he (witness) asked them to play lively music. He denied throwing a glass of champagne upon the band.

A GREAT OPPORTUNITY.

Owing to the war there are vacancies in the editing department of "The Daily Mirror," and the present is an opportunity for those of ability who wish to obtain experience of London journalism. Applications can be considered only from persons below military age, or, if of military age, from those who have been definitely rejected from military service. Full details should be sent by LETTER ONLY, addressed "Vacancy," c/o the Editor, "Daily Mirror," Bouvierie-street, E.C.

£500 POST OFFICE BURGLARY.

A particularly daring burglary took place on Saturday night at the branch post-office, East Hill, Canterbury.

The burglars removed a safe and its contents, estimated at between £500 and £600.

The contents of the safe included two £5 Bank of England notes, 151 £1 Treasury notes and £14 worth of postage stamps, and £12 in cash.

NO JUVENILE BALL.

The Lord Mayor has abandoned the customary juvenile fancy-dress ball at the Mansion House this year. He is trying to arrange in its place an afternoon gathering of children during the Easter holidays.

MANSION POLISH

DON'T MAKE A TOIL OF YOUR HOUSEHOLD DUTIES

—engage the services of MANSION POLISH, the Busy Bee. With her valuable assistance your work will be accomplished quickly, easily and with excellent results. Her

MANSION POLISH.

the superior wax preparation immediately imparts a rich, lasting lustre to all kinds of Furniture, Linoleum, Stone, Starched Cloth, Floors, drives away dust, dirt and germs, and makes every room in the house look brilliant and attractive. Mansion Polish also acts as a preservative and renovator, and prevents fingermarking.

Tina 1d., 2d., 4d., 6d., & 1s. of all Drapers'
Chiswick Polish Co., Ltd., Chiswick, W.
Makers of Cherry Blossom Boot Polish.



Author Who Renounced America Because of Her Attitude to Hun Atrocities.

Mr. Henry James, O.M., the well-known author, died last night at his residence, 21, Carlysle Mansions, Chelsea, after a long illness.

Mr. James, who received the Order of Merit at the New Year, was in his seventy-third year. He was born in New York, but had lived in England since 1869, and last year became a naturalised Englishman.

He openly declared that his change of nationality was due to the fact that he considered his

P 2286



MR. HENRY JAMES, O.M.

native country's attitude towards the German atrocities was nothing of which to be proud.

He was born on April 15, 1843, and was educated in his native city, at Geneva, Paris and Berne.

His first book was published in 1875, but it was the third, "Roderick Hudson," that first won recognition.

At his death he had something like fifty volumes in fiction, criticism and biography to his credit.

He had been ailing for some considerable time, a fact which led the King to give permission for the Order of Merit to be conveyed to him by his old friend, Lord Bryce.

COLWALL PARK STEEPECHASES.

Postponed from last Thursday owing to the heavy fall of snow, the second stage of the Colwall Park meeting should have been decided this afternoon, but in view of the fact that the course is not quite clear, the programme has again been postponed till tomorrow.

HARRISON BEATS ROSSI.

Tommy Harrison of Stanley beat Walter Rossi of Pontcynydd in a fifteen-round lightweight championship contest at the National Sporting Club last night on points.

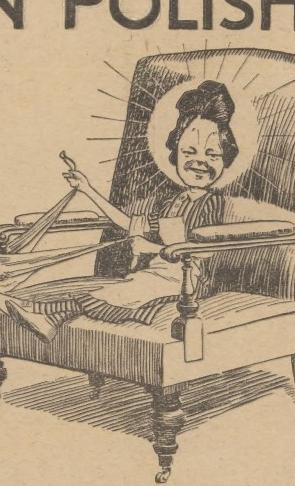
Harrison had all the best of the fighting, and Rossi was very ill-advised to hang on so much as he did, as he was picked up in the long range work and scored freely with a snapping left.

ANOTHER WIN FOR FEATHERS.

Eddie Feathers, the clever Lancashire welter-weight, gained a victory over Henry Tyndale at the Ring last night. Using his right hand, Feathers gained a long lead in the first ten rounds, and, although Tyndale did better afterwards, he never looked like making up.

Harry Reeve (Plaistow) beat Griffiths, the Cardiff heavyweight, on points in a fifteen-round contest at the Ring yesterday afternoon. At Boxton Corporal Fullerstein beat Pat O'Shea on points in fifteen rounds.

Mr. Mark Allerton is the author of our grand new serial, which begins next Monday.



BABY WILES.

Splendid Recovery after Measles

Baby Wiles, of 42, Coleridge Avenue, Manor Park, was very weak and poorly after three weeks of measles. The mother tried all sorts of foods, but could get nothing to suit her baby until she fed her on Virol. Since taking Virol she has so improved that she won a prize at the East Ham Baby Show. Mrs. Wiles says:—

"Virol is the finest stuff there is for babies."

VIROL

In Measles and Whooping Cough Virol should be given to children of whatever age. Virol increases their power of resistance and recovery and strengthens them against dangerous after-effects.

In Glass & Stone Jars, 1/-, 1/8 & 2/11.
VIROL LTD., 132-152, Old Street, E.C.
S.N.B.

The high standard of quality and purity makes

Cakeoma

for all Cakes and Puddings a distinct economy in this time of high prices.

It is not essential to use eggs if a little more milk is added.

Sold by all Grocers and Stores.

5d. per packet.

Sent for free recipe book to
LATHAM & CO., LTD., LIVERPOOL,
A3

Foster Clark's

A 2d. packet makes 11 pints of Rich Nourishing Soup. Oxtail, Mock Turtle, Green Peas, Milk, Turnips, Potatoes, &c. (1 lb. 2 oz.)
Easy to make—only water to add.
Send some in every parcel to your Soldier Boy.

2D SOUPS

THE "Sunday Pictorial" is
the Paper for the Trenches
and the Home : : :

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

EXCLUSIVE War Photo-
graphs Appear Each Week
in the "Sunday Pictorial."

LORD DE FREYNE MARRIED YESTERDAY.

P 1549



The scene in Brompton Oratory during the marriage ceremony.

P 1549.



The bride (formerly Miss Victoria Arnott) and the bridegroom.

P 300



The three bridesmaids.

Sir John Arnott gave his daughter away. The bridesmaids were the Hon. Lily French, Miss Joan Musgrave and Lady Hetty Plunket.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

"MUFFINS" SAVES HIS CAPTAIN'S LIFE

P 18677



Captain Russell Roberts, F.R.G.S., of Rickmansworth, and Private Mauffinades, of Tottenham (10th Royal Fusiliers), who both displayed great heroism during a night bomb attack. The former, though suffering great agony from a wound, uttered no sound which would reveal the party's whereabouts, while the latter carried his officer back under fire. Mauffinades is partly of Greek parentage, and is known as "Muffins," while the captain is famous as a big game hunter.

A HAPPY REUNION AFTER NINE MONTHS.

P 18677



Mrs. Tovee and her baby girl Florence, who was found in a railway carriage at Liverpool-street Station a few days ago. The child had been missing for nine months, and, it is believed, was kidnapped.

TOWER OVER CLIFF.

P 143D



The old church tower near Overstrand, Norfolk, which has fallen over the edge of the cliff.

MEMORIAL OF RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

P 18677



Mrs. Parker unveiling the hospital bed in memory of the eleven persons who lost their lives in the Ilford railway smash on January 1, 1915. The sum of £700 was subscribed, those who escaped uninjured contributing a large proportion.